THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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WILLIE AND THE ECHO.

ANTE-VACATION RHYMES IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL,

NEWPORT, R.I.

AGAIN Midsummer finds us here;
(How short and swift an earthly year!)
The Angel meets us here once more,
To teach our hearts Time's heavenly lore.

The precious wisdom moments bring,
That come and go on ceaseless wing,
Darting across thought's mystic sea,
Bright gleamings of eternity.
Mysterious moments! though they seem
Bright, brittle bubbles on a stream,
Though meteor-like they speed away,
Yet messengers of God are they.
Yea, evanescent though they seem,
As lightning-flashes in a dream,
Bright heralds are they of the skies,
Glances that beam from angel eyes.
The flashing of angelic wings,
Mysterious signal-beckonings
Of shadowy forms from heaven, that come
To point the spirit's pathway home
To fields by the immortals trod, —
Home to the summer-hills of God, —
The eternal hills, for ever near
In Faith's pure vision, calm and clear;
Whence thoughtful souls can feel, e'en now,
Mild airs breathe o'er the fevered brow,
And sweeter tones than e'er were heard
In song of instrument or bird,
Borne through no earthly atmosphere,
Swell on the musing spirit's ear.
"Live while ye live!" the moments cry,
As with swift wing they hurry by;
"Now is the time, — to-day be wise;
Heaven is at hand!" the Spirit cries.
But *where*, then, lies this promised land?
Where is the heaven our hearts demand?
At times, in the tumultuous rush
Of earthly life, there comes a hush;
On some calm isle we seem to be
At rest from time's impetuous sea;
The spell-bound sun seems to stand still,
As when it hung o'er Gideon's hill;
Not now to gaze on carnage wild,
But peace unbroken, calm and mild.
Thus oft in these midsummer hours,
Time's wing seems chained with wreaths of flowers,
As if soft slumber o'er him fell,
Resting at noonday by the well;
And, crowning the midsummer days,
So long the glowing twilight stays;
We scarcely note the lapsing stream
Of moments in the flattering dream
That whispers, "Lo! the shining sand
Reposes in Time's listless hand!
O Soul! thy tabernacle rear,
For thou shalt dwell for ever here!"
But hark! another voice is heard,
A trumpet sounds the warning word,
"Arise, for this is not thy rest!
In action only man is blest!
Though long and lingering seem the day,
The sun who brings it knows no stay.
The splendor fades from evening skies,
And from the year the summer flies.
There is no sign in Nature's plan
Commending indolence to man.
The sun ne'er pauses in the sky
To gaze at wonders passing by;
From western worlds keeps back the day
To witness earthly feast or fray!
He hastens on, the world to bless.
The thoughtless wake to thankfulness;
On bad and good God's love to pour,
And work His work for ever more.
Here is no rest, no Sabbath pause
In the still march of Nature's laws;
To the great pulse-beat, deep and strong,
The life-procession moves along.
The blossoms of the opening spring
On summer's lap fall withering;
Autumnal winds blight summer's flowers,
And frosts of winter strip the bowers;
And winter snows in brooklets run,
Dissolved beneath the vernal sun.
No rest is here: all moves that lives,
And proof of life by movement gives;
Down the swift stream wave crowds on wave,
And all in ocean find their grave;
Then from that grave in vapor rise,
And float in beauty through the skies;
Their mountain cradle seek again,
And speed in gladness to the plain.
Thus all the tribes of being keep
Life's onward march in circling sweep;
The earth upon its axis spins;
Each instant a new day begins;
The darkness dogs the steps of light,

Day follows on the heels of night;
Sunshine and shade, a checkered chain,
Move onward, round and round again.
The planets in their orbits run
Divinely punctual round the sun;
The sun himself feels from afar
The drawing of some mightier star;
One sun alone, in calm repose,
No shade of variation knows, —
The orb in which all live and move,
Of God's eternal, boundless love.
Wheel within wheel, thus all things roll
Around a vast eternal pole,
And all a present God reveals:
The spirit of God is in the wheels.
Is this the law of being, then,
That things move round and round again?
For ever run a circling track,
And to their starting place come back?
Is this the sum of nature's strife,
An endless self-devouring life?
Is this the Universal Plan?
Is this the Destiny of man?
Born out of nothingness, and then
Borne back to nothingness again?"
A voice within, a voice on high,
In thrilling accents makes reply:
"The mind that leaps the bounds of space
Outspeeds the planets in their race,
And feels within and all abroad
The presence of the living God;
Child of the eternal mind must be,
And heir of immortality.
The circles of creation rise
In endless spiral through the skies;
And all the creatures, sun and soul,
Move onward to perfection's goal.
Ask ye the moral of a song,
Perchance too high, perchance too long?
Methinks the moral will be found
Not too remote from duty's round.
This is the lesson and the law
From Nature's ways and works we draw;
Not restless, though unresting still,
The mother doth her tasks fulfil;
So her true children ever find
Contentment and repose of mind,
Not in a listless mood that waits
Expectantly at Fortune's gates,
A dreamy indolence that glides
Upon the world's uncertain tides;
But in a studious, patient thought,
Learning the rules by Nature taught;
Reading in her harmonious face
The Father's wisdom, love, and grace.
And, as dear children, seeking still
To know and do his perfect will,
How to be happy would you know?
Your daily walk a hint may show.
If from the sun you turn full round,
And chase your shadow o'er the ground,
Though you should chase it all the day,
'Twould fly before you all the way;
But should you now your steps retrace,
And toward the sun direct your face,
Then you will never fail to find
Your shadow following close behind
While Duty's Sun you keep in view,
Thus Pleasure always follows you;
If Duty you desert, and chase
Pleasure instead, you'll lose the race."
"Ye vain and frivolous and proud,
Who toil and moil in Fashion's crowd,"
Contented Labor well might say,
"Your play is work; my work is play!"
Make that, dear children, which endures,
The substance, not the shadow, yours!
The present hour craves one word more,
And then my pulpit rhyme is o'er.
"Summer vacation!" how the words
Thrill in young hearts like song of birds!
Children, this fair world is to you
A play-room, but a school-room too.
Wisely and well they speak, who say,
"Deep meaning lies in Childhood's play."
Your play is work, not drudgery,
But hearty labor, glad and free.
"Young spirit, in thy youth rejoice!"
This, too, is Wisdom's sacred voice.
With healthful work and healthful play
The heart shall be kept young alway.
A cheerful and contented mind
Pure pleasure everywhere shall find;
Shall see in Nature's lofty face
Beauty divine and tender grace;
Shall trace alike in sky and sod
The wonder-working hand of God;
Shall feel his breathing in the breeze,
His majesty in waving trees;
In evening's and in morning's beam,
In summer's glow and winter's gleam,
In midnight's solemn, starry glance

Shall hail his radiant countenance;
In sky and ocean, earth and air,
Follow his footsteps everywhere.
So learn to walk with love and awe
By the mild leading of his law;
And find the truth his Christ confessed,
To work with God is heavenly rest.
Whoever works with God shall be
Anchored in God's eternity.
Where *is* Eternity? 'Tis not
In the far future to be sought;
Eternity surrounds us here;
Eternity is ever near.
Time is the stream that, swift and strong,
Bears all things perishable along;
Eternity, the tranquil shore
And bed by which for ever more
That silent stream incessant flows,
Yet leaves unmoved that calm repose.
The heart, where faith, hope, love abound,
With undecaying youth is crowned.
Rejoice, young spirit, in thy youth!
Rejoice in knowledge, wisdom, truth!
Who on the Lord in beauty wait
Shall enter at the city's gate;
On wings of eagles shall they mount,
And drink at Life's immortal fount;
With cheerful patience run the race
In sunlight of the Father's face,
Nor faint beneath life's heavy load,
In the most toilsome, thorny road.

C. T. B.

MR. HOPPER & CO.

THERE were once a spider, an ant, twenty-four midges, and another little animal. This last one was very black, had long hind legs, and a sting in its mouth. It called itself "Hopper;" but men called it something else, and would not endure it at all. What are you laughing at, little reader? I suppose you know what kind of a little animal I mean?

These little animals assembled one day, and had a conversation together. The spider said: "I have spun many a beautiful net; but men pass by them without any astonishment at my being so great an artist. They seem never to remember that it is God who has taught me, little one, to weave so cleverly. There are even naughty children who wantonly destroy my beautiful net."

Then spake the ant: "I have likewise much to complain of men. They see me carry my eggs (larvæ), which are sometimes heavier than myself, with the greatest ease; but they think it is a matter of course, and no one seems to remember that it is God who has made me such a giant."

And now the midges began: "We also are passed over, and left unnoticed, although we are unequalled dancers. They even think nothing of grieving us. Only yesterday a fellow passed us with a cigar, and puffed his smoke right into our midst, which frightened us so that we hardly could keep time in our dance; and to-day a stupid lad struck at us with his whip!"

"Alas!" sighed Mr. Hopper, "all that is nothing. My case is by far the saddest. I have never heard a single human being say, 'It is really wonderful that this tiny little creature can take such extraordinary leaps!' On the contrary, the moment any one sees me, his first desire is to kill me!"

Then the spider again began: "Dear brothers and sisters, I wish to make a proposal to you. Let us leave this country altogether, and go into a far, far land, where no one has ever seen such creatures as ourselves: there we will exhibit our arts; and, you will see, there we shall be admired, and our Creator will be glorified!"

"Yes, yes!" they all exclaimed; "that is a capital idea."

"But," observed Mr. Hopper, "how shall we get into this far land? I can jump

well enough, but I cannot possibly run so far."

And the ant said: "Though I can carry heavy burdens, I cannot run so far."

But the spider replied: "I will look after all this. Only get yourselves ready. To-morrow morning I shall have a conveyance in readiness."

In the same night the spider spun a very large net; and, when next morning the travellers arrived, she rolled the net up, so that it hung but by a single thread on a leaf. It now looked like a little ship. Then the spider said: "Mr. Hopper and Mrs. Ant, have the goodness to get in. Eighteen of the Miss Midges may also take their seats. But six must harness themselves to the six threads, which I have fastened in front of our airy ship. And these six must then fly forward, so that the ship may steer the right course. Every two hours six of the Miss Midges must change with the others."

They were all content with this arrangement, and got in. The six took the fine threads in their mouths and began to fly. The spider then broke the thread by which it was fastened to the leaf, and immediately it rose merrily into the air. As with one voice, they all exclaimed: "Good-by, ye cruel men, who esteem us so lightly, and praise our Maker so little. Good-by! We are leaving you now. Farewell, and mend your ways!"

It was a charming morning when the pretty vessel with her merry freight moved away like a silver gondola. A gentle wind carried them high over mountains and valleys, over forests and fields, over brooks and rivers, towns and villages. Merry larks met them, which they cheerily greeted. At times some bird of prey shot past them, intent upon its victim. The white fleecy clouds passed slowly over the sky, and gave the travellers protection from the hot sun.

And, as they now looked down upon the earth, how little every thing appeared there! The towers and spires looked like sugar loaves, and the houses like match-boxes. The forests looked like large ink blotches, and the rivers like silver threads. And then the men, they were so small they looked like cloves running about; and, when a dog accompanied them, it looked no bigger than a little insect.

"What a pity," observed Mr. Hopper, "that we cannot sing!" It would be so charming in this beautiful air!"

Quickly the Miss Midges raised their wings, and moved them so rapidly that each produced a most delicate tune, which formed a very slight but charming music. Mr. Hopper was so delighted with this that he seized hold of Mrs. Ant, and merrily danced round the little space.

They passed thus over unknown lands. But even these little creatures cannot do without eating, and they all at last began to feel very hungry. Mrs. Spider had not been unmindful of this. For Mr. Hopper she had brought with her half a drop of human blood in a tiny little dish made from a grain of linseed; for Mrs. Ant, two leaf-lice; for the Miss Midges, a little honey, contained in the cup of a flower; and for herself she had provided a fly.

They all greatly enjoyed their meal, and thanked Mrs. Spider for her motherly care.

At last, after a very, very long journey, they pressed their little airy ship together, and the six Miss Midges that had drawn them entered likewise. Become heavy in this way, it began to sink. Sinking lower and lower, it reached the earth. When the travellers looked round, they observed that they were in a land of dwarfs. The biggest of them were about the size of small fiddles, and the children like pencils.

"I think," said Mrs. Spider, "we shall be happy here."

"Yes," said Mr. Hopper merrily; "here we shall stay and exhibit our arts." In saying this, he took a leap over all his travelling companions.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Ant, "you might have jumped upon my head!"

"And how you terrified us!" exclaimed the Miss Midges.

"Don't scold me!" begged Mr. Hopper. "I really couldn't help it. It was so long since I had a jump, that I was obliged to try if I had not forgotten it."

Their next care was to build a little house. But this was soon done. Mrs. Ant brought the earth and the grains of sand, and put them one upon the other. Mr. Hopper jumped upon them, so that the walls became firm. During this time Mrs. Spider spun diligently, and wove curtains and beds. And thus they completed a neat little house. The windows Mr. Hopper had made with his prickly, sharp tongue.

At the end of three days they proposed to give their first performance to the dwarfs. For this purpose they wrote great bills, and stuck them to the trees. The bills were as follows: —

PERFORMANCES
OF
A GREAT FAMILY OF ARTISTS!

The Greatest Spinner in the World . Mrs. SPIDER.
A Giantess in Carrying . . . . . Mrs. ANT.
The Cleverest Dancers . . . The Miss MIDGES.
The Greatest Jumper under the Sun . Mr. HOPPER.

All these arts cannot be imitated by men!

The appointed day arrived. The dwarfs from far and near had assembled in a suitable place. They were very curious to see the strange artists. They had to wait a good while. At last they came, as out of the clouds. They were seated in a similar airy ship to their travelling one. Thus, by their way of coming, they already excited the astonishment of the dwarfs.

Now the artists descended. Mrs. Spider had carefully brushed her white cross, and wore on her head a crown of very fine, delicate pebbles. Mrs. Ant had put these together for her. Mrs. Ant wore a green point-lace scarf over her body, manufactured by the sharp tongue of Mr. Hopper from a delicate leaf of grass. The Miss Midges held fine white veils between their forefeet, woven for them by Mrs. Spider. Mr. Hopper carried a red flag, made for him by the Miss Midges from a rose leaf.

Mrs. Ant began the performance. She took a stone, which was much larger than herself, in her mouth, lifted it up and carried it a considerable distance. Then she requested the dwarfs to weigh her and the stone, and, when this was done, they found that the stone was six times heavier than the Ant. Great was the astonishment of the dwarfs at the strength of this artist. She then told them, "Whilst the others show their arts, I will do something that I will only show you at the conclusion of the performance." Mrs. Ant immediately hid herself under a large leaf that happened to be there.

The next performer was Mr. Hopper. He ordered the dwarfs to put a stick in the ground, which was a hundred times his own height, but in doing this the dwarfs said mockingly to each other, "Well, he with the red flag does not look much like a great jumper, he cannot even run properly." When they had finished, Mr. Hopper said to the dwarfs, "Now please to count one, two, three!" The last number was hardly out of their mouths when Mr. Hopper cleared the stick at one leap. The dwarfs were astonished indeed, and exclaimed, as with one voice, "That was a feat!" and immedi-

ately they tried how high they could jump, and there was hardly a dwarf that could jump over the other. "It is really an astonishing feat of Mr. Hopper!" they said again. "No human being, nor any other animal, could do any thing like it; what strength he must have in his legs!"

Now the Miss Midges, with their delicate veils, stepped forward. They begged that one of the dwarfs would place himself in the middle of the open place. This one of them did. Then the dancers immediately got on his hat all round the brim, and swung their veils. Then they rose into the air and began their dance. At first they moved slowly across one another, then quicker and quicker, and at last they danced so quickly, moving in all directions, that the dwarfs could hardly follow them with their eyes. At one moment the dancers were above, at another below; and, although this was done with the speed of lightning, not one seemed to touch or push against the other.

The dwarfs shook their heads in astonishment; and some of them said, "I could look at this wonderful performance all day." One of the dwarfs, who considered himself about the cleverest fellow in the world, said, "Oh! we can do that, no doubt, ourselves, only we have never tried it. Pray let us try it." The dwarfs upon this began to dance. But when they moved very rapidly across one another, one cried, "Oh, my head!" Another, "Oh, my nose!" They at last ran against each other so violently that they all lay sprawling in the grass; one had pulled the other after him, until they all came tumbling one over the other.

At last it came to the turn of Mrs. Spider. She had had two tolerably high sticks with yellow flags placed into the ground. The sticks were about three yards asunder. She now climbed up the one and sat down upon the top. The dwarfs again said mockingly to one another, "She does not look very much like a spinner; and she actually pretends to be the greatest spinner in the world! She has neither spinning wheel, nor spindle, nor flax!"

Mrs. Spider heard some of these remarks. "Patience, my friends!" she said. "I shall begin immediately. I will now spin and weave a net from this stick to the other. But I must first connect the two sticks by a thread. I shall do this without leaving my place here."

And immediately the artist drew a thread with her fore feet from out of her body. The thread became longer and longer, and was wafted in the air towards the other stick. As soon as the thread had reached the other stick, it stuck to it; and Mrs. Spider immediately walked upon this delicate rope backwards and forwards.

The dwarfs stared, and did not know what to say.

Then the artist placed herself on the middle of the rope, and fastened a new thread at this point. On this thread she hung herself. The thread became longer and longer; and the longer it became, the further she sank. Thus she descended to the ground, spinning her own ladder at the same time.

This exceeded all the expectations of the dwarfs. They simply shook their heads, but did not utter a syllable. Then, quick as an arrow, the artist climbed up again; and, as she climbed up, she wound the rope up behind her and took it with her.

"Oh!" involuntarily exclaimed one of the dwarfs, "how astonishing must He be who has created this artist!"

Now Mrs. Spider began to draw her threads in all directions, until she had made a complete star. In this star she drew circles, smaller and smaller, until the net was ready. There it stood in its beauty, — so delicate, so regular, as if every thread had been

measured. Mrs. Spider sat in the middle. Suddenly a great fly came buzzing along. It wished to fly right through the net; but it soon hung fast in it. In an instant the spider ran towards it, and wrapped the fly all round with threads, so that it could not move a limb. Then Mrs. Spider hung it to a thread, and fastened it below the net; and the torn net was repaired again in a very few moments.

Nothing could exceed the wonder and surprise of the dwarfs at this marvellous performance.

Then a very intelligent dwarf stepped forward, and said to the artist, "Now do us the kindness and spin another thread, but very slowly. We will take our magnifying glasses, and see how it is done."

"This pleasure I will do you," said Mrs. Spider, and began to spin.

Then all the dwarfs took their glasses, and looked with the utmost attention. But soon one of them exclaimed, "Only fancy what I see! Mrs. Spider has on one part of her body several little lumps that look like warts. Out of these warts come forth near 6,000 indescribably delicate threads; and out of these 6,000 threads the single thread which we can see with the naked eye is made. Can you see it? Oh! how wonderful it is!"

Then all the dwarfs bared their heads and looked up to heaven. And in their hearts they praised the all-wise and almighty Creator.

In the mean time Mrs. Ant had completed her artistic work. She came forth from under the leaf under which she had concealed herself, and said to a little dwarf boy, who stood near, "Pray take the leaf away, my little boy." The boy did so. And behold! under the leaf stood a little dwelling like a little tower. The little house was built with very fine grains of sand, had a neat entrance, and within small passages, rooms, and chambers.

The children were most pleased with this wonderful little structure. They went and kissed the little artist, and asked her, with child-like minuteness, why there were no chimney-pots on her house. Mrs. Ant answered smilingly, "I have neither stove nor fireplace in my house, and so do not want any."

In conclusion, the family of artists united to show their arts once more together. Mrs. Spider spun, and wove, and climbed. Mrs. Ant dragged stones to and fro, and put them one upon the other. The Miss Midges danced merrily, and as rapidly as ever they could. And Mr. Hopper leaped and jumped in all directions, and over the heads of many of the little dwarfs. All the artists, rejoiced that they had at last found men who esteemed and admired the little creatures, and honored their great Creator. And, as with one voice there broke forth from them all words very like the following beautiful lines, which are no doubt known to most of our young readers: —

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips, that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

Sunday School Penny Magazine.

"IF we would mend the world, we must mend ourselves; and teach youth to be, not what we are, but what they should be."

"LITTLE children, love one another."

EAR, eye, and tongue
Guard while thou art young;
For, alas! these busy three
Can unruly members be.

LITTLE GRANDMA ROSIE.

WILLIE AND THE ECHO.

You see Willie in the picture in a lovely spot blowing a tin whistle. He was there one still afternoon blowing in the same way; and, at every sound he made, a shrill sound just like it came back to him from the woods beyond. He was frightened, and ran home as fast as he could. He told his mother there was some one in the woods with a whistle mocking him.

At first his mother did not know but it was as he said. She told him there was no need of his being frightened, because there was another little boy blowing on a whistle. But Willie said it was somebody ugly, because he mocked.

Willie's mother then thought of the echo that was sometimes heard down in the dell by the bars, when it was very calm and still; and told Willie she would go with him and hear the mocker. When they got to the bars, she asked Willie to blow his whistle. He did so, and back came the sound. "There!" said Willie.

His mother smiled, and explained to him about the echo.

Willie then tried the echo, as his mother proposed. He would laugh, and back would come a laughing tone. He would speak in a cross way, and back would come the cross word. For a little time he had grand fun.

As they were walking home, the mother drew a little lesson from the echo. She told Willie that, if he always spoke kindly, his little friends would answer back kindly; but, if he spoke in cross, snarly tones, maybe they would answer back in like tones. Willie thought he would try always to speak in a good, pleasant way.

Willie often goes down to the bars now to hear the echo. He cannot always wake up the mocker, he says. But, when he can, he thinks him a jolly good fellow.

EDDIE AND NELL.

Our little readers will know right off that Eddie is a little boy; and then they will think that Nell is a little girl. But they will be mistaken, for Nell is a lamb. They have all heard that "Mary had a little lamb;" but in this case it was Eddie had a little lamb.

Did this lamb love Eddie as well as Mary's lamb loved her? It is quite likely. It was in vacation that I saw Eddie with the lamb; so I cannot say "it followed him to school" one day; but it did follow him, and seemed to like him very much.

Boys and girls would stop to see the lamb. Sometimes one would say, "Come here, Nell!" But Nell kept nibbling the sweet grass, and didn't even look up. When Eddie said, "Come here, Nell," the lamb left off nibbling, and went to him, rubbing up against him.

Eddie had a little truck to which he sometimes harnessed Nell. Lambs are not very good at dragging, and never should be made to draw heavy loads. Eddie knew that; so Nell never had to draw any thing heavy. The lamb didn't mind the truck at all, but didn't go in a very straight line, because the tender grass seemed to say, Come here and nibble me. Eddie would say, "Come along, Nell!" The lamb would mind Eddie a half minute or so, and then mind the grass again.

Eddie never seemed to get out of patience with Nell; and the two had real good times playing together.

LITTLE GRANDMA ROSIE.

Dear little Rosie,
Our sweetest posy,
Is happy as child can be;
The whole day singing,
Or some sport bringing,
She fills all the house with glee.

Of course, she's petted,
And never fretted;
But that does her good, not harm;
The sun's warm shining,
Soft rains combining,
Is what gives the flowers their charm.

Sly little Rosie
Saw grandma dozy,
And falling away fast asleep;
Silently going,
Her cheeks all glowing,
Did Rosie to grandma creep.

This smallest of lasses
Takes grandma's glasses,
And puts them astride her nose;
The cap not slighting,
That lies inviting,
She over her ringlets throws.

To more adorn her,
She takes from the corner
The old parasol oft seen:
The things now all on,
Grandma will call on
Dear mamma in sober mien.

But like fair ladies
Our little maid is,
And wants of herself a view:
A grandma funny,
The picture sunny,
The glass of her shows so true.

PILGRIM SUNDAY SCHOOL.

This is the name of the Sunday School connected with the first Unitarian Society in San Francisco. It held its twenty-second anniversary, Sunday, August 8th. The exercises were very interesting, and the large attendance shows that the school has a hold upon the hearts of the people. From the report of its excellent superintendent, Mr. Charles A. Murdock, we glean a few facts for our readers, that they may know something of this vigorous organization.

The number of scholars is three hundred and sixty; of teachers and officers, forty-four. The "Sunday-school Lessons" are used. In various ways, the sum of $637.17 was raised for the purposes of the school. A new Sunday school in Virginia City, Nevada, was furnished with service and

text-books, and a library. In other ways, the work of helping others was carried on. "Lend a hand" seems to be a favorite motto with the "Pilgrim" scholars. Even the Unitarian Sunday School Society has a place in their remembrance, as the contribution at their anniversary attests.

Last autumn the scholars organized themselves into an association called the "Onward Club." It is under their own management, and meets once a fortnight in the chapel. The exercises consist of music, readings, recitations, and the reading of the paper, to which the members send in their contributions. This paper has a very appropriate name. The "Onward Club" cannot be a stationary body. It must advance; but it must avoid danger, and keep the right direction. So its paper is called the "Headlight." It throws its light all along the track in advance; and so the keen-sighted and able engineers know what is before them, and towards what stations they are driving. Our eastern Sunday schools must wake up, or this western band of young pilgrims, with their "Onward Club" and "Headlight," will take the lead.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

BY M. O. J.

ON the banks of the river Rhone, in France, are pretty cottages with gardens sloping down to the water's edge. In one of these pleasant homes lived a lady who liked pet animals, and was very kind to them.

She had a black puppy and a tortoise-shell kitten that grew up together, and were excellent friends. They fed from the same dish, slept in one basket, and frolicked together from morning till night.

But Sambo, the puppy, grew to be a large dog, and could not get into Tabby's basket; so there was a nice house made for him. It was on wheels, and was placed in the stable-yard. This, as well as the garden, reached to the water's edge. Sambo loved to swim in the river, and Tabby would sit on the stone steps leading down to it, and watch the fish, putting out her paw now and then, as if she wished she could catch them.

After a while Tabby had two kittens. They were very comfortable in their basket; but Tabby took them in her mouth, and put them into Sambo's house. There all four slept together, and the great dog was very careful not to hurt the tiny kittens.

During a heavy rain, which lasted several days, the river overflowed its banks, and swept over the fields and gardens on both sides. The water covered the stable-yard, and the dog's house floated away down the river.

Sambo came home with a dripping coat, but nothing was seen of Tabby or the kittens. For some time afterwards he jumped into the river every day, and swam away. He was always out two or three hours, He would beg for food, and, though he was well supplied every day, he grew very thin.

One day his owner went out on the river with some friends, in a row-boat. The dog went, too, and seemed very happy. After a while the boat came near a little island, and Sambo jumped out and swam to land. What was the surprise of the party when Tabby and her kittens came running to meet them! The lady landed, and called Tabby; she seemed very glad to see her friend, but the kittens had grown wild, and ran away. While they were rubbing against Sambo, the lady caught them, and she took all her pets home in the boat.

The little house, as it floated down the river, must have been caught among the reeds, or detained in some such way, at the

island, long enough for pussy and her kittens to land, and afterwards have been borne on again by the current. The good dog had carried the food that was given him, every day, all the way to the island, and kept Tabby and her kittens from starvation.

This is a true story. The lady herself wrote quite a long account of these pets; but this is the most remarkable incident of their friendship.

THE STONE ON THE ROAD.

THERE was once a German duke who disguised himself, and, during the night, placed a large stone in the middle of the road near his palace.

Next morning a sturdy peasant, named Hans, came that way with his lumbering ox-cart. "Oh, these lazy people," said he. "Here is this big stone right in the middle of the road, and no one will take the trouble to put it out of the way." And so Hans went on scolding about the laziness of the people.

Then came a gay soldier along. A bright plume waved from his helmet, and a sword dangled by his side, as he went singing on his way. He held his head so high that he did not see the stone; so he stumbled over it, and fell with his sword between his legs. This stopped his song; and he began to storm at the country people, and called them "boors and blockheads for leaving a huge stone in the road to break a gentleman's shins on." So he passed along.

Now came a company of merchants, with pack-horses and goods, on their way to the fair that was to be held at the village near the duke's palace. When they came to the stone, the road was so narrow that they had to go in single file, on either side. One of them, named Berthold, cried out, —

"Did anybody ever see the like of that big stone, lying here all the morning, and never a soul putting a hand to it?"

It lay there for three weeks, and no one took the trouble to remove it. Then the duke sent word to all the people on his lands to meet at a deep cut in the road, called the Dornthou, near where this rock lay, as he had something to tell them.

The day came, and crowds gathered at the Dornthou. Old Hans the farmer was there, and so was Berthold the merchant. Hans said, "I hope my lord duke will now find out what a lazy set of people he has under him."

"Shame on them," said Berthold. And now a loud horn was heard, and the people stretched their necks and strained their eyes looking towards the castle, as a splendid cavalcade came galloping on to the Dornthou. The duke rode up to the cut, got down from his horse, and smiling spoke thus to the people: —

"My friends, it was I who put this stone here, three weeks ago. Every passer-by has left it just where it was, and has scolded his neighbor for not taking the trouble to remove it."

When he had spoken these words, he stooped down and lifted up the stone. Underneath was a round hollow, lined with white pebbles, and in it lay a small leathern bag. The duke held up the bag, so that all the people might see what was written on a piece of paper fastened to it. These were the words: —

"*For him who lifts the stone.*"

He untied the bag, turned it upside down, and out of it fell a beautiful gold ring, and twenty large bright golden coins!

Then every one wished that he had been diligent enough to remove the stone, instead of going round about it and finding fault with his neighbor. They all lost that prize,

because they had not learned the lesson, or formed the habit, of diligence. And WE shall lose many a prize if we do not form this habit. That bag of money was the duke's promise of a reward to diligence; but it was hidden under the stone, so that no one could see it. God's promises to the diligent are not hidden in this way. They are written plainly in the Bible, so that we may all see and understand them.

Dr. Franklin used to say, "What though you have found no treasure, and had no legacy left you! Never mind. Remember that diligence is the mother of good luck. God gives all things to industry.

"Then plough deep while sluggards sleep,
And you'll have corn to sell and keep."

Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how you may be hindered to-morrow. One to-day is worth two to-morrows; and never leave till to-morrow any thing that can be done to day."

Selected.

RAIN AND ROBIN.

SWAYING trees their branches tossing 'gainst a cloudy sky,
While the restless wind is sobbing, sobbing drearily.
From the eaves and from the branches steady rain doth flow.
Chanticleer within the barnyard gives a muffled crow.

Pigeons in the belfry near me keep their dull complaining
Of the wet and dreary weather and the low sky raining.
Now and then a stealing footstep, stealthy as a mouse,
Breaks the almost dreary silence in the quiet house.

Only all the cloudy morning in the apple-tree
There has been a little robin singing cheerily;
He has bid me to be thankful for my sheltered head
From the driving storm without me, since I left my bed.

And he calls the deepest shadows sorrow, shame, and sin;
Ever should without *those* shadows sunshine be within.
Could I show the world about me truths that he doth tell,
How the *inward* sunshine comes of daily tasks done well!

I were blessed, fellow mortal, could I tell to thee
All the cheering songs he sings me from the apple tree.
Oh! methinks 'twould drive the shadows from thy life away,
And the brightest sun be shining all this rainy day.

H. T.

August 3d, 1875.

A MORNING SONG.

I WAKE this morn, and all my life
Is freshly mine to live;
The future with sweet promise rife,
And crowns of joy to give;

New words to speak, new thoughts to hear,
New love to give and take;
Perchance new burdens I may bear
For love's own sweetest sake;

New hopes to open in the sun,
New efforts worth the will,
Or tasks with yesterday begun
More bravely to fulfil.

Fresh seeds for all the time to be
Are in my hand to sow,
Whereby, for others and for me,
Undreamed-of fruit may grow.

In each white daisy 'mid the grass
That turns my foot aside,
In each uncurling fern I pass,
Some sweetest joy may hide.

And if when eventide shall fall
In shade across my way,
It seems that nought my thoughts recall
But life of every day;

Yet, if each step in shine or shower
Be where Thy footstep trod,
Then blest be every happy hour
That leads me nearer God.

Selected.

HUMOROUS.

"WHAT are you doing?" said a father to his son, who was tinkering an old watch. "Improving my time," was the witty rejoinder.

A little girl who was watching the balloon ascension at Lewiston, Me., suddenly exclaimed: "Mamma, I shouldn't think God would like to have that man go up to heaven alive."

A mother, in a toy-shop with her little son, got the assistant to wind up a toy mouse, and set it running on the floor to see if her pet liked it. He looked at it, and then exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, I don't want that; we've got lots of 'em at home, and don't have to wind 'em up either!"

A reverend gentleman, addressing a school concert recently, was trying to enforce the idea that the hearts of the little ones were sinful and needed regulating. Taking his watch and holding it up, he said, "Now here is my watch; suppose it don't keep good time, — now goes too fast, and now too slow; what shall I do with it?" "Sell it!" shouted a youngster.

A negro, who is fond of writing his name in very conspicuous places, was told by a German fellow-citizen that he did not spell it correctly. "'T-h-o-m-a-s,' not T-o-m-e-s,'" said his informant, "is the right way to spell your name." "I understand all 'bout dat," said the darkey, "but you ought to know the 'merican language is very unregular, an' der is more dan one right way to spell a man's name in dis country."

A girl six years old was on a visit to her grandfather, who was a minister.

"Only think, grandpa, what Uncle Robert says."

"What does he say, my dear?"

"Why, he says that the moon is made of green cheese. It isn't at all, is it?"

"Well, child, suppose you find out for yourself."

"How can I, grandpa?"

"Get your Bible, and see what it says."

"Where shall I begin?"

"Begin at the beginning."

The child sat down to read the Bible. Before she got more than half through the second chapter of Genesis, and had read about the creation of the stars and the animals, she came back to her grandfather, her eyes all bright with the excitement of discovery: —

"I've found it, grandpa! It isn't true; for God made the moon before he made any cows."

BARON STEUBEN was an excellent military officer, especially careful in looking after the drill and accoutrements of his troops, but he never became a complete master of the English language, and often made laughable mistakes.

Dining one day with General Washington at Dobbs' Ferry on the Hudson, the conversation turned on fishing; and the baron remarked that fishing might be a fine thing for some persons, but not for him. He had tried it once; and, after sitting three hours in a boat in the hot sun, he had caught only two fish.

"What kind of fish were they?" inquired Washington.

"I am not sure, but I think one of them was a whale," replied the baron.

"A whale, baron, in the North River!"

"Yes, I assure you, a very fine whale; was it not?" asked the baron, appealing to one of his aides-de-camp.

"An eel, baron."

"I beg your Excellency's pardon, but I understood the gentleman to say it was a whale."

HYMN.

THE CHANGING SEASONS.

Blossoms in the springtime,
Summer's radiant flowers,
Autumn's ruddy leafage,
Winter's snowy showers,
All unite to tell us
Swift time flies away;
Bid us do our duty
While it is to-day.

Be our springtime's blossom
Bright with good essayed;
Be our summer's flowering
Noble effort made;
Thus a glorious fruitage
Autumn gathers in,
Loving consecration,
Victory over sin.

Help us, heavenly Father,
Live a Christ-like life;
Strengthen us to conquer
In the holy strife;
Guide us by Thy spirit,
Teach us by Thy word;
Plant in us the image
Of our loving Lord.

Then when life is closing,
Every duty done,
Loving service rendered,
Virtue's victory won,
By Thy power, O Father!
Lift us up to Thee,
In the heavenly mansions
Thy dear face to see. W. N. E.

MONTREAL.

RAIN AND SUN.

Is it rainy, little flower?
Be glad of rain.
Too much sun would wither thee;
'Twill shine again.
The clouds are very black, 'tis true;
But just behind them smiles the blue.

Art thou weary, tender heart?
Be glad of pain.
In sorrow sweetest things will grow,
As flowers in rain.
God watches, and thou wilt have sun
When clouds their perfect work have done.

Independent.

Puzzles.

22.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The fertile plains between the mountain sides;
What comes to him who long on earth abides;
A place where hostile armies quiet lie;
A little insect, type of industry;
Its age is often counted by its rings;
The period between the reign of kings;
A body round, — 'tis sometimes called a sphere;
A fabled nymph, who shed full many a tear;
A blemish oft, yet worn with pride by those
Who gained it fighting 'gainst their country's foes.
The finals show what now is with us here;
The primals, what are over now, 'tis clear. F.

23.

BEHEADED PUZZLES.

1. I let in light and keep out air;
Beheaded, I'm a maiden fair.

2. A fruit am I, in gardens found;
I catch, beheaded, waves of sound.

3. High up I soar, and gay'ly sing;
Beheaded, I'm a floating thing.

4. It is, perhaps, quite worth the ——
That not a bird can fly with ——
It is also true, to whate'er ——
No bird can upward soar with one ——

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

19. — Arbutus.

20. — K I N G
I D O L
N O S E
G L E N

21. — When I believe Sir Walter's *history*,
Then I shall own the best rule *is tory*;
But, as I don't believe the *story*,
You see I am not yet a *tory*.

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